

I saw our party to their Trenches driuen,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speakest truth,  
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?  
*Mar.* About an houre, my Lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.  
How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,  
And bring thy Newes so late?

*Mar.* Spies of the Volces  
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele  
Three or foure miles about, else had I fir  
Halfe an houre since brought my report.

*Enter Martius.*

*Com.* Whose yonder,  
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,  
He has the stampe of *Martius*, and I haue  
Before time seene him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frō a Taber,  
More then I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue  
From euery meaner man.

*Martius.* Come I too late?

*Com.* I, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your owne.

*Mart.* Oh! let me clip ye  
In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;  
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,  
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

*Com.* Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about Decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,  
Ransoming him, or pittying, threatening th'other;  
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,  
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that Slaue  
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,  
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)  
The Mouse ne're thunn'd the Cat, as they did budge  
From Rascals worse then they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:  
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

*Com.* *Martius*, we haue at disadvantage fought,  
And did retyre to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their Battell? Know you on w<sup>h</sup> side  
They haue plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guesse *Martius*,  
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients  
Of their best trust: O're them *Aufidius*,  
Their very heart of Hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the Battailles wherein we haue fought,  
By th' Blood we haue shed together,  
By th' Vowes we haue made  
To endure Friends, that you directly set me  
Against *Aufidius*, and his Antients,  
And that you not delay the present (but  
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,  
We proue this very houre.

*Com.* Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,  
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer  
Deny your asking, take your choice of those  
That best can ayde your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing; if any such be heere,  
(As it were sinne to doubt) that loue this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare  
Lessen his person, then an ill report:  
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,  
And that his Countreys deerer then himselfe,  
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,  
Waue thus to expresse his disposition,  
And follow *Martius*.

*They all shout and waue their swords, take him up in their  
Armes, and cast up their Caps.*

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:  
If these shewes be not outward, which of you  
But is foure Volces? None of you, but is  
Able to beare against the great *Aufidius*  
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number  
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:  
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight  
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,  
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on my Fellowes:  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Diuide in all, with vs.

*Titus Lartius, hauing set a guard vpon Corioles, going with  
Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Mar-  
tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a  
Scoat.*

*Lar.* So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties  
As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch  
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue  
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,  
We cannot keepe the Towne.

*Lien.* Feare not our care Sir.

*Lar.* Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:  
Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct vs; Exit  
*Alarum, as in Battail.*

*Enter Martius and Aufidius at several doores.*

*Mar.* He fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee  
Worse then a Promise-breaker.

*Aufid.* We hate alike:

Not Affricke owne a Serpent I abhorre  
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue,  
And the Gods doome him after.

*Auf.* If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.

*Mar.* Within these three houres *Tullus*  
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* wallies,  
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Reuenge  
Wrench vp thy power to th' highest.

*Auf.* Wer't thou the *Hector*,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,  
Thou should'st not scape me heere.

*Here they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde  
of Aufid. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.  
Official and not valiant, you haue sham'd me  
In your condemned Seconds.*

*Flourish.*

*Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at  
one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At  
another Doore Martius, with his  
Arme in a Scarfe.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,  
Thou'st not beleene thy deeds: but Ile report it,  
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,  
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
T'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,  
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,  
That with the fustie Plebeians, hate thine Honors,  
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods  
Our Rome hath such a Souldier.  
Yet can'st thou to a Morfell of this Feast,  
Hauing fully din'd before.

*Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.*

*Titus Lartius.* Oh Generall:  
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:  
Hast thou beheld—

*Martius.* Pray now, no more:  
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,  
When she do's prayse me, grieues me:  
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,  
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:  
He that ha's but effected his good will,  
Hath ouertane mine Act.

*Com.* You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,  
Rome must know the value of her owne:  
Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,  
No lesse then a Traducement,  
To hide your doings, and to silence that,  
Which to the spire, and top of prayes vouch'd,  
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,  
In signe of what you are, not to reward  
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.

*Martius.* I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart  
To heare themselves remembred.

*Com.* Should they not:  
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death: of all the Horfes,  
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,  
The Treasure in this field atchicued, and Citie,  
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,  
Before the common distribution,  
At your onely choyle.

*Martius.* I thanke you Generall:  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,  
And stand vpon my common part with those,  
That haue beheld the doing.

*A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius,  
cast up their Caps and Launces: Cominius  
and Lartius stand bare.*

*Mar.* May these same Instruments, which you prophane,  
Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall  
I'th field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:  
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,  
Let him be made an Overture for th' Warres:  
No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,  
Which without note, here's many else haue done,  
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,  
As if I lou'd my little should be dieted  
In prayes, sawe't with Lyes.

*Com.* Too modest are you:  
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull  
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,  
If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you  
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,  
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,  
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*  
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,  
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,  
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,  
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,  
With all th' applause and Clamor of the Hoast,  
*Marcus Caius Coriolanus*. Beare th' addition Nobly euer?

*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

*Omes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.*

*Martius.* I will goe wash:  
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue  
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,  
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times  
To vnder-crest your good Addition,  
To th' fairenesse of my power.

*Com.* So, to our Tent:  
Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write  
To Rome of our successe: you *Titus Lartius*  
Must to *Corioles* backe, send vs to Rome  
The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their owne good, and ours.

*Lartius.* I shall, my Lord.

*Martius.* The Gods begin to mocke me:  
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,  
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

*Com.* Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

*Martius.* I sometime lay here in *Corioles*,  
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,  
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:  
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,  
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you  
To giue my poore Host freedome.

*Com.* Oh well begg'd:  
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should  
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus*.

*Lartius.* *Martius*, his Name.

*Martius.* By *Iupiter* forgot:  
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:  
Haue we no Wine here?

*Com.* Goe we to our Tent:  
The bloud vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time  
It should be lookt too: come.

*Exeunt.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius  
blondie, with two or three Souldiours.*

*Aufid.* The Towne is ta'ne.  
*Sould.* 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.  
*Aufid.* Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,  
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?  
What good Condition can a Treatie finde  
I'th part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*,  
I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:  
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter

*As*